

Monody

Being happy with someone just makes me nervous.
Even when things are best around here I start
in on myself. Either the black pixies come
and stomp around in my skull or the inside

of the oven starts looking good. On this good
day I think of my wife: her sweetness, her postures,
her cheating heart. Oh, she does not philander
now, there are no cigar stubs in the ash trays or

jockey shorts in the glove compartment, but somewhere
out there is a boy hitchhiking in from Topeka. He has
more style, more grace, more hair than me. And though
she will not condone the theft, he is going to stride

into one of her classes in his seven league desert boots
and steal her ghostly heart. I see him now leading her
behind the bushes outside the library. Listen -- "Oh,
daddy, give it to me daddy. I never had nothin' like

this at home." Oh jesus. Scared to death I sprint down-
stairs and put my head in her lap. She looks down fondly
as I say over and over, "I love you, I love you, I love
you." She does not suspect that I am talking to myself.

Chuck, Gerry, Karl and I

are doing fine in Long Beach's 49er Bar.
During our comic pool games we talk about
ontology, pussy, the state of the nation,
pussy, rights of the individual vs. rights
of the world-at-large and of course pussy.

But then, right in the middle of an important
discussion centering around the length of time
a lady could be dead before she was considered
absolutely out of the question, the hairdresser
from next door walks in.

She is an attractive girl, one of the sort who
turns men's heads so often that the chiropractic
business is up 22% in the beach cities. So
we look at her legs and watch her walk and
creak our own necks. Then she leaves with
her ham and cheese.